

The Tragedy of Hamlet

Enter Hamlet and Horatio

Ham. Has this fellow no feeling of his busines? a fings in graue-making

Hora. Custome hath made it In him a property of easines.

Ha. Tis een so, the hand of little imploiment hath the daintier sence

Clow. But age with his stealing steppes hath clawed mee in his clutch,

And hath shipped me into the land,
as if I had neuer beene such.

Ham. That skull had a tongue in it, and could sing once, how the knaue iowles it to the ground, as if twere *Caines* iaw-bone, that did the first murder: this might be fy pate of a polliticia, which this Assenow ore-reaches. one that would circumuent God, might it not?

Hora. It might my Lord.

Ham. Or of a Courtier, which could say good morrow my Lord: how dost thou sweet Lord? This might be my Lord such a one, that praised my lord such a ones horse whe a ment to beg it: might it not?

Hora. I my Lord.

Ham. Why een so, & now my Lady wormes Choples, & knockt about the mazer with a Sextens spade; heer's fine reuolution and we had the trick to see't, did these bones cost no more the breeding, but to play at loggits with them: mine ake to thinke ont.

Clow. A pickax and a spade a spade,
for and a shrowding sheet,

O a pit of Clay for to be made.
for such a guest is meet.

Ham. There's another, why may not that be the skull of a lawyer? where be his quiddities now, his squillities, his cases, his tenurs, & his trickes? why dooes he suffer this mad knaue now to knock him about the sence with a durty shouell, and will not tell him of his action of battery: hum, this fellow might be in's time a great buyer of Land, with his Statutes, his recognisances, his fines, his double vouchers, his recoueries, to haue his fine pate full of fine durt: will vouchers vouch him no more of his purchases & doubles then the length and breadth of a payre of Indentures? The very conueyances of his Lands will scarcely lye in this box, and must th'inheritor himselfe haue no more? ha.

Hora. Not a iot more my Lord.

Ham. Is not parchment made of sheepe-skinnes?

Prince of Denmark

Hora. I my Lord, and of Calues-s

Ham. They are Sheepe and Calu that, I will speake to this fellow. W

Clow. Mine fir, or a pit of clay fo

Ham. I thinke it be thine indeed

Clow. You lye out ont fir, and the I doe not lye in't, yet it is mine.

Ham. Thou dost lye in't to be i dead, not for the quicke, therefore

Clow. Tis a quicke lye fir, twill a

Ham. What man dost thou digg

Clow. For no man fir.

Ham. What woman then?

Clow. For none neither.

Ham. Who is to be buried i

Clow. One that was a woman f

Ham. How absolute the knaue equiuocation will vndoo vs. By the haue tooke note of it, the age is grefasant comes so neere the heele of How long hast thou bene a Graue-

Clo. Of the dayes i'th yeare I King Hamlet ouercame *Fortinbras*

Ham. How long is that since?

Clo. Cannot you tell that? eue very day that young Hamlet was b England.

Ham. I marry why was he sen

Clow. Why because a was mad a doe not, tis no great matter ther

Ham. Why?

Clow. Twill not be scene in him

Ham. How came he mad?

Clow. Very strangely they say,

Ham. How strangely?

Clow. Faith een with loosing

Ham. Vpon what ground?

Clow. Why heere in Denmark and boy thirty yeares.